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JOB PRINTING.
Our Printing establishment was never in better condition than now, and increased attention will be given to this branch of business. We keep constantly on hand Paper and Card Stock, and are now prepared to print Handbills, Programmes, Auction Bills, Bill Heads, Labels, Circulars, Business and Wedding Cards, &c., &c., at short notice.
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The Red Petticoat.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Oh, the red, the flaunting petticoat,
That consists the eye of day,
That loves to flare and be admired,
And blinks from far away
It may delight the roving sight,
And charm the fancy free;
But if its wearer's half as bold,
I'll pass and let her be—
With her red, her flaunting petticoat,
She's not the girl for me!

But the white, the modest petticoat,
As pure as drifted snow,
That shuns the gaze in crowded ways,
Where follies come and go,
It stirs the primrose on its path,
Or daisy on the lea;
And if the wearer's like the garb,
How beautiful is she!
With her white, her modest petticoat,
Oh, she's the girl for me!

But red or white, it matters not,
If she be good and fair,
Herself shall sanctify the garb
It pleases her to wear.
The red shall show her warmth of heart,
And spirit frank and free—
The blue her truth—the pink her love,
The white her purity.
If these her colors—these her charms—
Oh, she's the girl for me.

Agricultural Shorter Catechism.

What are Tiles?—A Yankee invention for *draining* pockets; so called from resemblance to the prevailing style of gentlemen's hats.

What is Buckwheat?—Masculine wheat. The female is called *dough*.

What is Breaking?—A western phrase signifying a regular smash-up of prairie-dom. The present pressure has been so heavy as to break things generally out west.

What are wild Oats?—A kind of grain usually sown broadcast by farm boys—good food for fast horses.

What is Cabbage?—A plant popular among tailors with large families.

How are Vegetables best preserved?—Place them in a *seller's* hands—or bury them in peach-*pits*.

What is the Bean Disease?—Pole-evil.

What is Garden "Sass"?—Cultivated impertinence.

What Fruit pleases Garrotters?—Choke pears. They are also familiar with the art i-choke.

Why are People with Corns like certain Vegetables?—Because they are *toe-matoes*.

Is there a Vegetable Lien?—Yes; the eggplant.

How can Young Ladies soonest secure Farms?—Take a "*country gentleman*!"

Why are Ostlers Illiterate?—Because they read only stable *liter*-ature.

PHILOSOPHY OF SKATING.—This is the amusement and exercise which most interests us, just now, and it is charming to find it well discoursed upon. The Boston Courier thus daintily talks to the girls about it:—"The fastidious amateur seeks for virgin fields of ice on which he may cut the first delicate lines, but the masses love better to congregate together on some spacious pond, for mutual enjoyment . . . . . For universal cheerfulness, good-nature, and measureless delight, give us a grand, huge skating party. It is wonderful how a big piece of ice can warm one's heart towards one's fellows. This sudden popular passion for skating is a good thing. Our young ladies, and our young men, too, will be none the worse for the unwonted exercise of this winter, although the indulgence is a little more violent than will be likely to be sustained in future years. But the accomplishment of skating, once acquired, is rarely given up. It is a most fascinating sport, and those who taste its joys this season will doubtless follow it up the next.

PREVAILING MODES.—Ladies wear high heels to gaiters, capes with bonnets, and as much material in the skirts as can be gathered at the waist. Flounces, with elaborate trimmings, are general; and, in fact, everything that can make a spread.

Gentleman wear bell-crowned hats, with rims narrow and much arched; turned down or narrow standing English collars, made like a band close around the throat; small neckerchief, or scarf drawn through a finger ring; vests and coats with waists where they ought to be—touching the hips; large pantaloons; shoes or gaiters usually, or boots made to fit the foot, neither uselessly long nor painfully short. Canes are seldom used, except the ornamental wand for exquisites, and substantial sticks for the elderly. The hair is worn longer than formerly, and full beards are becoming universal.—*Home Journal*.

ONE OF THE BOYS.—The Rev. H. W. B. a distinguished clergyman of Brooklyn, was taken on a stage sleigh from the depot in W——, (a New England town, where railroad communication then ended,) to P——, a place fifty miles distant, where he was to lecture that night. It was a warm February day; the sleighing was splendid. B. was on the box beside a young driver; the teams of four horses each, were perfection, and the result was that the fifty miles were got over in something like four hours—pretty good railroad time on some tracks. But it didn't do the teams any good, and when, some days after, knowledge of their condition came to the proprietor of the line, he called up that particular driver (Sam) and asked how he had come to drive his horses that day at such a rate.—"Well," said Sam, "I had one of the 'boys' on the box with me; he wanted to see 'em go, and I put 'em through!"

FALSE WIT.—False wit, like false money, only passes current with those who have no means of comparison.

SOLID TRUTH.—"They pass best over the world," said Queen Elizabeth, "who trip over it quickly; for it is but a bog—if we stop we sink."

HIBERNIAN LOGIC.—An Irishman, on being told that the newly invented stove would just save half the usual fuel, replied, "Arrah, then, I'll have two, and save it all, my jewel."

☞ Every policeman in London walks about twenty miles a day, besides attending the police office. The regulations for communication are so perfect that if it were requisite the whole force might be assembled together in two hours.

The Caledonian.

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Timothy Titcomb's Letters to Young Women.

NUMBER THREE.

From the Springfield Republican.

It is a matter of special importance to you that you comprehend and thoroughly appreciate the difference between accomplishments and scientific and literary acquisitions. A woman may have many acquisitions, and no accomplishments, in the usual meaning of that word, and *vice versa*. As the life of woman goes in this country, these acquisitions perform their most important office in the process by which they are achieved;—that is the great work which they do for a woman is that of training and disciplining her mind. Many a woman thoroughly learned Algebra at school, with decided advantage to herself, who never makes a practical use of Algebra. She may have been a good Latin or Greek scholar, but, having no important use for her acquisition in practical life, she suffers her knowledge of those languages to fade out.—In short, there are very few of her test-books which, in five years after leaving school, she would not be obliged to review with the severest study before she could re-acquire the credit she won in her last examination. A woman may have a pet acquisition which she transforms, by her manner of treatment, into an accomplishment. Botany is thus transformed not unfrequently, into a very graceful thing.

An accomplishment differs from a science, or a system of truth of any kind, acquired during the process of education, in that it needs to be permanent and so far as possible perfect to be of any use to the individual or to society. Music, drawing, conversation, composition, the French language, dancing—all these in America are regarded as accomplishments; yet of fifty women who acquire either of them, or all of them, not more than two retain them.

Miss Georgiana Aurelia Atkins Green was an intimate friend of mine, or, rather, perhaps I should say, her mother's brother boarded my horse, and I bought my meat of her father. It was the determination of Mrs. Green that her daughter should be a finished lady. During the finishing process I saw but little of her. It occupied three years, and was performed at a fashionable boarding-school, between the ages of fifteen and eighteen, regardless of expense. When she was finished off, she was brought home in triumph, and exhibited on various occasions to crowds of admiring friends. I went one evening to see her. She was really very pretty, and took up her role with spirit, and acted it admirably. I saw a portfolio lying upon her piano, and knowing that I was expected to seize upon it at once, I did so, against Miss Green's protestations, which she was expected to make, of course. I found in it various pencil drawings, a crayon head of the infant Samuel, and a terrible shipwreck in India ink. The sketches were not without merit. These were all looked over, and praised, of course. Then came the music. This was some years ago, and the most I remember is that she played *O Dolce Concento* with the variations, and The Battle Prague, the latter of which the mother explained to me during its progress. The pieces were cleverly executed, and then I undertook to talk with the young woman. I gathered from her conversation that Mrs. Martinet, the principal of the school where she had been finished, was a lady of "so much style!" that Miss Kittleton of New York was the dearest girl in the school and that she (Georgiana) and the said Kittleton were such friends that they always dressed alike; and that Miss Kittleton's brother Fred was a magnificent fellow. The last was said with a blush, from the embarrassments of which she escaped gracefully by stating that the old Kittleton was a banker, and rolled in money.

It was easy to see that the parents of this dear girl admired her profoundly. I pitied her and them, and determined, as a matter of duty, that I would show her just how much her accomplishments were worth. I accordingly asked of my wife the favor to invite the whole family to tea, in a quiet way. They all came, on the appointed evening, and after tea was over, I expressed my delight that there was one young lady in our neighborhood who could do something to elevate the tone of our society. I then drew out, in a careless way, a letter I had just received from a Frenchman, and asked of Georgiana the favor to read it to me. She took the letter, blushed, went half through the first line correctly, then broke down on a simple word, and confessed that she could not read it. It was a little cruel; but I wished to do her good, and proceeded with my experiment. I took up a piece of music, and asked her if she had seen it. She had not. I told her there was a pleasure in store for both of us. I had heard the song once, and I would try to sing it if she would play the accompaniment. She declared she could not do it without practice, but I told her she was too modest by half. So I dragged her, protesting, to the piano. She knew she should break down. I knew she would, and she did. Well, I would not let her rise, for Mr. and Mrs. Green were fond of the old-fashioned church music, and had been singers in their day, and in their way. I selected an old tune, and called them to the piano to assist. Miss Green gave us the key, and we started off in fine style. It was a race to see which would come out ahead. Georgiana won, by skipping most of the notes.—She rose from the piano with her cheeks as red as a beet.

'By the way,' said I, 'Georgiana, your teacher of drawing must have been an excellent one.' I did not tell her that I had evidence of this in her own efforts in art, but I touched the right spring, and the lady gave me the teacher's credentials, and told me what such and such people said of her. 'Well,' said I, 'I am glad if there is one young woman who has learned drawing properly. Now you have nothing to do but to practice your delightful art, and you must do something for the benefit of your friends. I promised a sketch of my house to a particular friend, at a distance, and you shall come up to-morrow and make one. I remember that beautiful cottage among your sketches; and I should prize a sketch of my own, even half as well done, very highly.' The poor girl was blushing again, and from the troubled countenances of her parents, I saw that they had begun indistinctly to comprehend the shallowness—the absolute worthlessness—of the accomplishments that had cost them so much.—Georgiana acknowledged that she had never sketched from nature—that her teacher had never required it of her, and that she had no confidence that she could sketch so simple an object as my house. The Greens took an early leave, and I regret to say a cool one. They were mortified; and there was not good sense enough in the girl to make an improvement of the hints I had given her.

The Green family resided upon a street that I always took on my way to the post-office, and there was rarely a pleasant evening that did not show their parlor alight, and with company within. I heard the same old variations of *O Dolce Concento* evening after evening. The Battle of Prague was fought over and over again. The portfolio of drawings, (such of them as had not been expensively framed,) was exhibited, I doubt not, to admiring friends, until they were soiled with thumbing. At last, Georgiana was engaged, and then she was married—married to a very good fellow, too. He loved music, loved painting, and loved his wife. Two years passed away; and I determined to ascertain how the pair got along. She was the mother of a fine boy, whom I knew she would be glad to have me see. I called, was treated cordially, and saw the identical old portfolio, on the identical old piano. I asked the favor of a tune. The husband, with a sigh, informed me that Georgiana had dropped her music. I looked about the walls, and saw the crayon Samuel, and the awful shipwreck in India ink. Alas! the echoes of the Battle of Prague that came back over the field of memory, and these fading mementoes around me, were all that remained of the accomplishments of the late Miss Georgiana Aurelia Atkins Green!

Now, young women, I think you will not need any assurance from me that I have drawn a genuine portrait, for which any number of your acquaintances may have played the original. What do you think of accomplishments like these? How much do they amount to? My opinion of them is that they are the shabbiest of all things that can be associated with a woman's life and history. I have told you this story in order to show you the importance of incorporating your accomplishments with your very life. It is comparatively an easy task to learn a few tunes by rote, to get up with the assistance of a teacher a few drawings, to go through with a few French exercises, but it is not so easy to learn the science of music, and go through the manual practice necessary to make the science available under all circumstances. It is not easy to sketch with facility from nature. It is not easy to comprehend the genius of the French language, and so to familiarize yourself with it that it shall ever remain an open language to you, and give you a key to a new literature. A true accomplishment is won only by hard work: but when it is won, it is a part of you, which nothing but your own neglect can take away from you. And now let me tell you a secret. Multitudes of married men are led to seek the society of other women, or go out among their own fellows, and often into bad habits, because they have drank every sweet of life which their wives can give them. They have heard all their tunes, seen all their efforts at art, sounded their minds, and measured every charm, and they see that henceforth there is nothing in the society of their wives but insipidity. They married women of accomplishments, but they see never a new development, no improvement. Their wives can do absolutely nothing. The shell is broken; the egg is eaten.

The first accomplishment that I would urge upon you is that of using the English language with correctness, elegance and facility. There are comparatively few young women who can write a good note. I know of hardly one who can punctuate her sentences properly. I beg of you, never to write affection with a single *f*, or friendship without an *i* in the first syllable. Such slips destroy the words, and the sentiments they represent. If you accomplish yourselves in nothing else, learn thoroughly how to use your mother tongue. I remember one young woman with whom when in youth I had the misfortune to correspond. In the barrenness of subjects upon which to engage her pen, she once inquired by note whether I ever saw such "a spell of wether," as we had been having. I frankly informed her that I never did, and that I hoped she would never indulge in another, for it made me feel cool. She took the hint, and broke off the correspondence. There are many who can write tolerably well, but who cannot talk. Conversation I am inclined to rank among the greatest accomplishments and the greatest arts. Natural aptness has much to do with this, but no woman can talk well who has not a good stock of definite information. I may add to this that no woman talks well and satisfactorily who reads for the simple purpose of talking. There must exist a genuine interest in the affairs which most concern all men and women.—The book, magazine and newspaper literature of the time, questions of public moment, all matters and movements relating to art, affairs of local interest—all these a woman may know something of, and know something definitely. Of all these she can talk if she will try, because there is something in all which excites feeling of some kind, and shapes itself into opinion.

But whatever accomplishment a young woman attempts to acquire, let her by all means acquire it thoroughly, and keep it bright. Accomplishments all occupy the field of the arts. They are things which have no significance or value save in the ability of doing. They become, or should become, the exponents of a woman's highest personality. They are her most graceful forms of expression, and into them she can pour the stream of her thoughts and fancies, and through them utter the highest language of her nature and her culture. Accomplishments make a woman valuable to herself. They greatly increase her pleasures, both directly in the practice, and indirectly through the pleasures which she gives to society. A truly accomplished woman—one whose thoughts have come naturally to flow out in artistic forms, whether through the instrumentality of her tongue, her pen, her pencil or her piano, is a treasure to herself and to society. Such a woman as this would I have you to be. There may be something to interfere with your being all this; but this you can do: you can acquire thoroughly every accomplishment for which you have a natural aptitude, or you can let it alone. Do not be content with a smattering of anything. Do not be content to play parrot to your teachers, until your lesson is learned, and then think you are accomplished. Do not be content with mediocrity in any accomplishment you undertake. Do not be content to be a Miss Georgiana Aurelia Atkins Green.

TIMOTHY TITCOMB.

A Valentine,

ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR OF THE PORTSMOUTH CHRONICLE.

I saw you one day, oh, Editor dear!
In your cozy office-chair,
With your indolent pen behind your ear—
(It usually seemed to be there!)
You used the scissors, you used the paste,
And the daily Chronicle grew;
And once in a while, in desperate haste,
You seized the pen, and, in excellent taste,
Invented an item new!

A murder and burglary here and there,
A steamboat or railroad accident rare,
A pleasant fiction of stocks—
An account of a temperance meeting somewhere,
Or a "great revelation" to make people stare,
From the knowingest spirit that knocks!

And you put your feet on the table to rest,
And pronounced to-day's Chronicle one of the best—
An exceedingly graphic sheet.
But you looked round the sanctum, and heaved a low sigh,
And mournfully wished some dear praiser was nigh—
But our eyes chanced not to meet!

Surely, the pleasantest thing in this life,
Were to be an agreeable editor's wife,
And sit among papers up to one's ears,
In a dear little chair, with some dear little shears,
And help him to edit all day!

To turn the machine for the poems sometimes,
Or help disentangle refractory rhymes.
From lines that poets might send—
No snoking to do, for we'd live on "puff" paste,
And if ever that sweet nutriment palled on our taste,
Why, we'd go and take tea with a friend!

My First Night Ashore.

A NAUTICAL SKETCH.

Captains G. and C. were both at Smyrna, commanders of fine brigs, bound to Boston. This was to be the last trip of both captains, who, having scraped together a few thousand dollars, intended to remain on shore and get spliced; in other words, to take unto themselves wives. The period of our history was "the good old times," when gold chains and wooden legs, rum, rows, and bloody noses, were in fashion, and when shipmasters, as well as sailors, were in the habit of swearing without rhyme or reason.

Now the two captains aforesaid were warm personal friends, and entered into each others plans of future anticipated happiness with as much interest as if they had been born brothers. They overhauled the bad habits they would have to discontinue, if they wished to appear respectable on shore, and among these, swearing, they decided, must be cut off first. With this object in view, they bound themselves in honor not to swear or use a profane word during the passage home, and to make themselves more careful, drew up in writing an obligation, that the offending party should forfeit to the other the sum of $150, or, if both sinned, the amount of their obligations should be appropriated towards "the conversion of the heathen." They next discussed the use of rum and tobacco, but came to the conclusion that these were necessaries of life at sea, and that it would be time enough to cut them off gradually after they were settled on shore. One thing at a time was considered well enough, especially as neither of the captains cared much for rum, only as a means of drinking each other's health.

Full of good resolves and pleasant hopes, they had a parting glass or two of unadulterated Jamacia, and then set sail with a fine, whole-sail breeze, bound to Boston. Their brigs were both armed clippers of 250 tons, well manned and found. It was delightful to see them skimming side-by-side out of the bay, with sky-sails fore and aft, and studding sails on both sides; but when they cleared the Grecian Archipelago the wind came ahead and they separated on opposite tacks, and met no more during the passage.

The Crow was commanded by Captain G., and as we are mostly interested in her fortunes, we will give a brief sketch of her captain. He was about forty years of age, five feet seven inches high, very stout, but not fat. His face was full and open, and though he could frown, a good-natured half-laugh was habitual to him. One could always see his teeth. He was a good man to all under him, and like the general run of American shipmasters, looked out sharply for the interest of the owners.

With head winds and calms, his patience was sorely tried in working down the Mediterranean, but he did not swear, and fortunately he caught a fair slant through the Straits of Gibralter, while hundreds of vessels were dying at anchor. Among them he thought he saw the Pigeon, commanded by his friend, but was not sure. With the broad Atlantic before him, a fine vessel under his feet, manned by as gallant a crew as ever trod a ratlin, he clapped the canvas on her, and away she went in glorious style. In eighteen days he was within three hundred miles of Boston, and made sure of being in by New Year's day; but unluckily a tremendous northwest gale came on, and he was compelled to heave his vessel to, under a close reefed main-topsail. The gale increased to a hurricane, blew away his topsail, and snapped away the main-yard in the slings. The weather too, was intensely cold, so much so that the sea froze almost as fast as it fell upon her decks. Iced up to the leading trucks, and several of the crew disabled, he was compelled to up stick and stand for the Gulf Stream to be thawed, and at the same time to have a chance to get another main-yard aloft. Suffice it to say, after repairing damages, he lost another main-yard and a whole suit of sails, and was at one time so badly frostbitten that he was half inclined to bear up for Bermuda; but remembering that the Pigeon must also have the same gale, he concluded to weather it out while he had a stitch of canvas to spread. After three weeks of incessant toil, during which time he never turned in or shifted his clothes, he was fortunate enough to reach Boston at last. His first question to the pilot, who boarded him, was:—

"Has the Pigeon arrived?"

"No, sir, not a vessel has arrived for three weeks."

"Thank God," sighed Captain G. "I've got along thus far without swearing, and it will be (here he paused.) no, no I wont say it, *hard*—that's the word without a handle to it,—if I don't get along with a clean mouth to the wharf. Pilot, when you get her pointed right, come down in the cabin and have a drop of stuff to thaw your between decks out."

Captain G. had been so much on deck, exposed to the weather, that he was quite light-headed, and his very eyes seemed to have been diminished and puckered by incessant watching, so that he only covered the bottom of the glass, when he exchanged courtesies with the pilot, aware that he was too weak to dive deeper. It had been well for him, if he had then resolved not to drink any more that day, as the sequel will show.

His owners were upon the wharf to receive him with a carriage, and the moment he landed they hurried him to the custom house, entered the vessel and then drove him to one of their houses, where an excellent dinner was ready. They were rejoiced, for their vessel had a cargo on board which was in great demand, besides they had won several heavy bets from the owners and backers of the Pigeon.

We will now relate Captain G.'s experience in his own words, as nearly as we can remember:

"I had a glorious dinner, with such drinking as ought to be a warning to all salts, who may be used up at sea. In vain I protested against having my glass filled; the ladies insisted and the gentlemen compelled me to drink again and again, till I nearly fell from my chair. At last I became desperate, for I felt myself gradually sinking into insensibility; and jumping abruptly from the table, demanded in a voice of thunder, that I should be sent home, without further parley. The weather was awful; a heavy fall of snow was melting under the influence of a south-west rain storm, avalanches were thundering from the tops of the houses, and the streets were covered with gullies a fathom deep. My mother, brother and sisters resided in Roxbury, and I may add, my sweetheart also, all of whom I knew would be waiting to receive me with open arms. A carriage and four were soon placed at my disposal, with a steady driver, to carry me home, and as we wallowed through Washington street, and across the Neck, I enjoyed a few cat-naps, waking up now and again, full of the idea that I was still at sea, and that the brig had either broached to or fallen off by the lee. A scramble or two to get on deck, however, restored me to consciousness, and again I would drop off, only to be woke with another bold dash to get on deck. When I reached home my hat was full of cable-tier pinches, and my face was as black as my hat, even the red which the rum had thrown over it was under clouds of darkness. But all this made no difference to my kind mother and sisters, nor to her who was to be shortly mine forever: they covered me with kisses and embraces, till I was almost as drunk with joy, as I was with rum. Stupid and weather-beaten as I was my heart beat wildly with pleasure as I received their warm embraces; all the sufferings of a life-time were forgotten in a moment but I felt myself drunk, my tongue was too large for my mouth, and I could not speak the joys I felt.

"The excitement of meeting over, my sweetheart held a looking-glass before me, and jokingly asked how long I had been in the coal trade. It was evident that I had been mopping the floor of the carriage with my face. The ladies however soon put a clean face upon me, curled my hair, and tried to make me cheerful; but I was too far gone to enjoy their company, so I asked my mother to light me to bed. While following her up stairs my head reeled; twice or thrice I fancied myself once more on the brig, and when I entered the bedroom, in answer to a request to take off my boots, I addressed my mother as the mate: 'Now, Mr. Brown,' I said, 'keep her on this tack till twelve o'clock, if no change takes place in the weather, but if any change happen, be sure and call me; so saying, I bundled into bed, boots and all. A minute or two afterwards, I opened my eyes, and saw a light burning on the table, when I jumped out of bed, and roared: 'You steward, take away this light; how often shall I tell you never to leave a naked light anywhere? You'll make me swear yet, in spite of anything I can do to avoid it.' My brother came and took the light, so, once more, boots and all, I bundled into bed.—About midnight a terrible squall burst upon the house; the window-blinds slammed from side to side, the rain rushed down in torrents and the very house rocked to its foundation. Full of the idea that I was still at sea, I jumped out of bed, and landed on all fours over a chair. There could be no mistake in my imagination, the brig had been thrown on her beam ends, and the sea was making a fair breach over her; I thought I heard the mate too, calling the men all, to cut away the mainmast, the very last thing I would think of doing. Determined to countermand the order I scrambled to the cabin door, and made a bold rush up the attic stairs to reach the deck; but in my progress a long-handled rat-trap seized me by the heel of my left boot and went clinkety-clank as I bounded up. At the head of the stairs was a flat sky-light, through which the moon shed her troubled light, and this was the companion-way. A desperate dash at it, head on, like a buff at a gate, sent it frame and all into the back-yard. I was now in the companion-way and could see the whole deck, and what a sight! There lay the brig on her beam-ends, or nearly so, for the roof of the house was to me deck; she was pitching and rolling in the trough of the sea, but her masts (the chimneys) were still standing. Steadying myself as well as I could in the compaion-way, I mustered courage, and roared out in my usual style: 'Who's at the wheel?' 'Jim,' somebody answered (it was probably the creaking of the window-blinds below). 'Very well, Jim, ease her as she pitches, and take care she don't pitch you overboard. Mr. Brown, Mr. Brown,' was my next halloo, and distinctly I heard him answer, 'Ay, ay, sir.' 'Send the men aft at once, to clew the maintopsail up. Do you hear me?' 'Hear h—l,' an old salt growled out close to my ear. 'Who's that swearing: bring the reprobate here and I'll skin him alive. Did I not tell you I was going to do all the swearing this passage myself? Ease her, ease her, Jim,' I said, turning to the man at the wheel, for she pitched dreadfully. 'Mr. Brown, Mr. Brown,' I bellowed out a dozen times, but no answer. 'Mr. Brown, for the last time and he——to you (I did not say it, though I felt mad enough to swear through a mile of bibles), answer if you don't come!' 'Ay, ay sir,' fell faintly on my ear, as if the speaker were in the main-top.

"Raising my eyes aloft and changing my position, I was almost swept out of the companion way, by a heavy sea, which came thundering over the quarter, and swept the decks fore and aft (it was the first installment of an avalanche,) and filled the cabin.—'Steward, steward, turn out, you lazy (lubber, I was going to say) fellow, and shut the companion-way. Bring up my sou'wester with you.' Turning my eyes again to the main-top, I sung out: 'Don't you cut a rope-yarn Mr. Brown, or I'll kill you by——, by something, that's not swearing. Come down and get the main-topsail off her."

Becoming reckless, I turned my attention again to the deck, and hallooed with all my my might: 'Men, lay aft here, and square the head yards,' for a sudden gust of wind swept the main-topsail, and left nothing but the naked yards (it was no doubt an old shirt or some other piece of linen, which had been caught up by the gale and tossed across the field of view.) Rendered desperate by having all my orders neglected, I made a bold rush on deck, and scrambled to reach the weather rail (the ridge of the roof,) which I effected with great difficulty, but did not swear. And now, O, horror of horrors! the brig was bottom up, and I alone was upon the keel. Appalled with the disaster, I could hardly pray. For a moment, I was silent, but feeling the rat-tray still fast to my heel, I ventured to cast a glance at it, and thought I saw a man struggling to reach me (it was an old red shirt which had become tangled with the trap in the attic.) My humanity was aroused, but in reaching out my hand to aid him, I lost my balance, and a heavy sea (an avalanche) sweeping over me; away I went overboard, heels uppermost, into a pile of sloshy snow in the back yard.

"Here was a subject for a painter; an old salt wrecked in a snow-pile, with a red shirt hoisted on the handle of a rat-trap for a signal of distress. How I struggled to the surface I can't say, but in striking out, I clutched a clothes line stretched across the yard, and hung on for dear life till I got the water out of my eyes. What a change met my bewildered sight! The brig was booming along under a crowd of canvas, and I was towing astern; I could see the light in her cabin windows.

"Halloa, there!" I shouted, 'hulloa! on deck, there! hullos, ship ahoy, man overboard!' when up went one of the caping windows, and my brother sung out:

"Who's there? What do you want?'

"Want you son of a——." (no, I darsn't swear). What is there in swearing that makes it so sweet to the taste of a sailor in distress? But I had made up my mind not to swear, and I smothered the rising malediction that was half-hatched in my mouth. "Want?—haul the mainsail up, back the main-yard, and bring the brig to the wind. Ease off the jib sheet. Do you hear? Down with the helm, and stop her or she'll tow my arms off. I can't hold on another minute!" All this time I was holding on the clothes line and striking out with both feet.

"In another minute lights were beaming through every window, and soon women in petticoats, and my brother in drawers, came to the rescue. I was carried bodily into the house. And such a picture! my face was covered with blood, my shirt and waist-coat were in tatters, and my pants were split from clew to earing, but the rat-trap still stuck to me like a brother.

"'How came you in the yard?' inquired my mother. 'What's the matter, brother?' 'Hear me,' said my sisters. 'How badly you bleed,' said my sweet-heart. 'Tell me how you have hurt yourself.'

"'Stop, for mercy's sake don't ask any more questions: I can't tell you without swearing, and I'm under bonds not to swear! O, what would I give to open my lower tier upon everything an inch high, and no hour old! But it must not be.'

"I was confined to the house a week, before I was able to show myself again. About this time the Pigeon arrived, with nothing but her lower masts and bowsprit standing. She encountered the same gale father east, that I had experienced and in addition to the loss of her topmasts, had thrown her guns overboard. Her bulwarks, boats and galley were also gone, and poor C. was reduced full fifty pounds in weight, since he left Smyrna.

"His first question was about my vessel, the Crow, and when he learned she had been in a month, he could not help exclaiming: "The d—l she has." Honor bright, he acknowledged the sin; but I would not accept the forfeit, upon the ground that his unguarded expressions was not swearing; but he insisted; so to quiet his conscience, I induced him to refer it to our parson. The holy man wrote an essay upon it twice as long as this yarn, in which he cited two hundred cases where the use of Mr. Tapertoes' name was not swearing; two hundred where it was, and twenty-five doubtful; but came to no conclusion about the case submitted to him.

"As neither of us ever swore afterwards, only to love our wives when we were spliced, the subject dropped. The terrible experience of my first night on shore induced me to cut rum also, so I am now a member of the Methodist church, in good standing."

Captain G. is still alive and well, and though his hair is gray, it curls as naturally as a pig's termination. He continues devoted to the fair sex, and may be seen at every important ship launch, doing the amiable by them. Long may he wave! for a better-hearted old salt never broke a biscuit.

Senator Seward's Speech.

We have read Senator Seward's speech on the Kansas question, delivered in the United States Senate last Wednesday, says the Boston *Journal*, with unmingled pleasure from beginning to end. Whether we consider its citation of facts, its cogency or argument, its analysis of free and slave systems, its sound and intelligent patriotism, its frankness of expression, beauty of illustration and purity of tone, we pronounce it a model of a senatorial speech, worthy of the best statesman of our best days. We regret that its length forbids our copying it entire. We can only select such brief extracts as will best bear separation from the body of the speech. Of the classic allusions which give beauty and point to various passages, we take only the following striking specimen. Speaking of the President's inaugural, in connection with the Dred Scott decision, Senator Seward says of the people of Kansas:

Alarmed by this act of connivance by the President of the United States with their oppressors, they began to prepare for the last arbitrament of nations. The Secretary, Mr. Stanton, now Governor *ad interim*, issued his proclamation, calling the new Territorial Legislature to assemble, to provide for preserving the public peace. An executive spy dispatched information of this proceeding to the President, by telegraph, and instantly Mr. Stanton ceased to be Secretary and Governor *ad interim*, being removed by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate of the United States. Thus the service of Frederick P. Stanton came to an abrupt end, but in a manner most honorable to himself. His chief, Mr. Walker, was less wise and less fortunate. He resigned. Petus Thraseа (we are informed by Tacitus) had been often present in the Senate when the fathers descended to unworthy acts, and did not rise in opposition; but on the occasion when Nero procured from them a decree to celebrate, as a festival, the day on which he had murdered his mother (Agrippina), Pactus left his seat, and walked out of the chamber—thus by his virtue provoking future vengeance, and yet doing no service to the cause of liberty. Possibly Robert J. Walker may find a less stern historian.

HOW THE CONTEST CAN BE ENDED.

Mr. President, I have shown why it is that the Kansas question is attended by difficulties and dangers only by way of preparation for the submission of my opinions in regard to the manner in which that question ought to be determined and settled, I think, with great deference to the judgments of others, that the expedient, peaceful and right way to determine it, is *to reverse the existing policy of intervention in favor of slave labor and slave States*. It would be wise to restore the Missouri prohibition of slavery in Kansas and Nebraska. There was peace in the Territories and in the States until that great statute of freedom was subverted. It is true that there were frequent debates here on the subject of slavery; and that there were profound sympathies among the people, awakened by or responding to those debates. But what was Congress instituted for but debate? What makes the American people to differ from all other nations, but this—that, while among them power enforces silence, here all public questions are referred to debate, free debate in Congress? Do you tell me that the Supreme Court of the United States has removed the foundations of that great statute? I reply, that they have done no such thing; they could not do it. They have demanded the negro man Dred Scott to the custody of his master. With that decree we have nothing here at least nothing now to do.

This is the extent of the judgment rendered, the extent of any judgment they could render. Already the pretended further decision is subverted in Kansas. So it will be in every Free State and Free Territory of the United States. The Supreme Court, also can reverse its spurious judgment more easily than, we could reconcile the people to its usurpation. Sir, the Supreme Court of the United States attempts to command the people of the United States to accept the principles that one man can own other men, and that they must guaranty the inviolabeity of that false and pernicious property. The people of the United States never can, and they never will, accept principles so unconstitutional and so abhorrent. Never, never. Let the Court recede. Whether it recede or not, we shall reorganize the Court and thus reform its political sentiments and practices, and bring them into harmony with the Constitution and with the laws of nature. In doing so we shall not only reassume our own just authority, but we shall restore that high tribunal itself to the position it ought to maintain, since so many inalienable rights of citizens, and even of the States themselves depend upon its impartiality and its wisdom.

THE SOUTH WILL NOT RESIST.

Do you tell me that the Slave States will not acquiesce, but will agitate? Think first whether the Free States will acquiesce in a decision that shall not only be unjust, but fraudulent. True, they will not menace the Republic. They have an easy and simple remedy, namely, to take the Government out of unjust and unfaithful hands, and commit it to those which will be just and faithful. They are ready to do this now. They want only a little more harmony of purpose and a little more completeness of organization.—